

Young King Cole

DETECTIVE TALES

10¢

AUG.-SEPT.



VOL. 2 No 1

J. VALLEAU

MYSTERIOUS

STRANGER

BY ROY GARN



NO one seemed to know exactly when Romeo Ronson arrived in River City—and it was certain that no welcoming committee greeted him when he first set foot in the Tenderloin District of the thriving Mid-Western port.

If there had been one, Big Pete would have heard about it, because it was Big Pete's business to know everything about everybody in the Tenderloin.

Big Pete was district leader and it meant cold cash for him to swing out votes when election time came along. Frequent other occasions made it worthwhile for him to know his neighbors. "There's no better way to get the best out of a man," said Pete very often, "than to remember all about his past when he works for you!" Then he'd wink his cold-gray right eye and add: "Especially when he ought to be in jail for something he once got away with!"

"Who are you working for?" some one of his back-slapping listeners in the clubhouse would always ask.

"Me? I don't work for anybody!" He'd look around carefully, catch the eyes of everyone and wink again, more emphatically.

By that, people were given to understand Big Pete had been in plenty of questionable businesses that were better left out of the conversation. Just how many, nobody knew.

Only a few months before, there had been whispers about his being mixed up in the spec-

tacular \$100,000, robbery on Pier 84, during which someone had murdered the driver and helper of a truck loaded with furs. The two victims had been swiftly driven north into the next state and then dumped over a bridge into a bay where their battered bodies had been found the next morning. In a way, it had been more than just talk, because Pete's regular cronies in the Tenderloin hadn't seen him at all during the days when the police fine-combed the district to check up on the movements of possible suspects.

It seems that a pocket watch with Big Pete's name engraved on it had been found attached to one of the bodies—and it looked as if plenty of explaining was in order. But, as usual, Big Pete had his regular ace in the hole.

He knew a little too much about one of the local detectives who grilled him.

So, according to the way he told it, the relentless questioning was abruptly stopped and Big Pete left Police Headquarters with the usual cherubic smile, puffing on his long, blackish-brown expensive Havana cigar.

Newspaper men rushed up to him and the cameras clicked.

"Somebody's shady past helped me out of a little present difficulty," was the way he explained it. "There ain't nothing that anybody in River City can pull without coming to my attention sooner or later!"

And he laughed his booming, raucous laugh.

But three months went by and Romeo Ronson still had him puzzled!

Who was he? How long had he been in River City? How had he been overlooked for so long? Where did he get his money from? "I don't know, Boss!" came the chorus of inevitable answers from blank-faced people whom he asked.

"He didn't drift in like a ghost and he doesn't fly like an angel!" bellowed Big Pete with flashing eyes. "If you dumb-bells can't find out for me—I'm going to find out for *myself*!"

In laborious, breathless fury, he wheezed frequently as his muscular legs carried his paunchy body up four flights of squeaky stairs to Romeo Ronson's cheap hall bedroom. With hamlike fists, he banged on the thin, wooden door. "Open up! It's Big Pete! Let me in!"

He heard a light step on the other side of the door and the knob turned. "Hello, Big Pete," said Romeo Ronson hollowly. "Come in!"

For the first time in his life, Big Pete shivered unashamedly. The voice of Romeo Ronson was like the echo of wind on the tombstones in a cemetery!

"I came to see you because I hear you're a *writer*," started Big Pete. He knew no such thing, but hoped that Ronson would interrupt and tell him something about his past, tell him what he *really* had been doing.

"I'm not a writer," announc-

YOUNG King Cole



DETECTIVE AGENCY
MASTER MIND

JIM WILCOX-

THE REMNANTS OF THE MURDEROUS SPADE GANG THAT TERRIFIED BIG CITY, UNTIL THE COLE DETECTIVE AGENCY TOOK UP THE GAUNTLET AGAINST THEM, ARE IN DESPERATE STRAITS... ONLY THREE SPADES, THE 3, 8 AND JOKER, THE LEADER, SURVIVE, TOGETHER WITH THEIR DREAD KILLER-THE ACE. THE THREE SPADES ARE CONFERRING IN THEIR HIDEOUT...

THIS GANG IS ABOUT WASHED UP, JOKER. WE'VE BEEN KNOCKED OFF, ONE BY ONE, AND ME, I'M GETTIN' SCARED!

YOUNG KING COLE'S KEPT US BACK OF THE EIGHT BALL EVER SINCE HE TOOK OVER THE AGENCY. AND HE'S BLOCKED EVERY MOVE WE MAKE!

BAH! WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET! WHAT'S EATIN' YOU, 3? AFRAID OF A WET-NOSE KID?

YEAH, HE LOOKS LIKE A DRIP, BUT HE'S TOO TOUGH FOR US! PROVED IT, AIN'T HE?

I BELIEVE HE'S WORSE MEDICINE THAN HIS OLD MAN, WHO IS OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

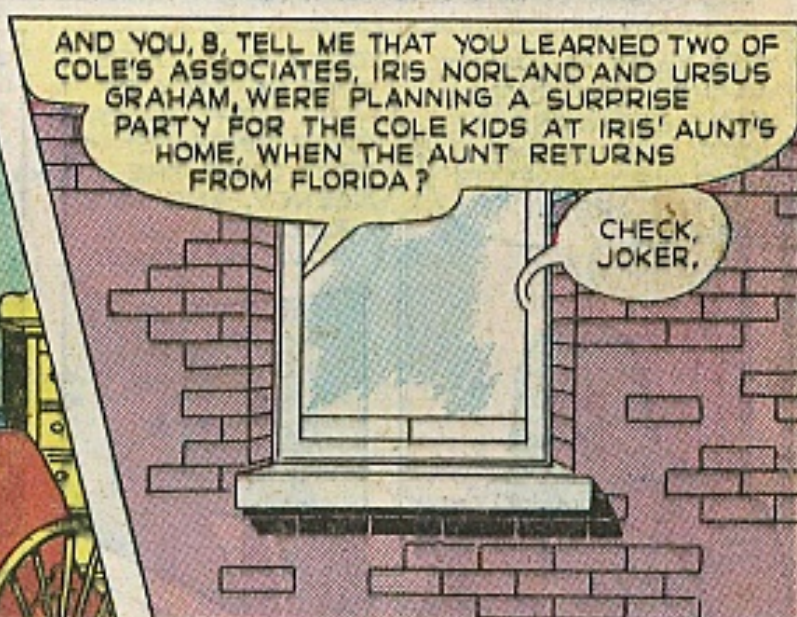
YOUNG KING COLE MUST DIE! WITH HIM OUT OF THE WAY AND NEW MEMBERS RECRUITED, WE'LL GET THE SPADE GANG BACK ON TOP AGAIN!

MUCH EASIER SAID THAN DONE!

BLAM!

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Director; Peggy Ann Crowley, Associate Editor; Helen Doig Schmid, Editorial Assistant. YOUNG KING COLE, Vol. 2, No. 1, August-September, 1946, published bi-monthly by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co., Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright 1946 by The Premium Service Co., Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Member of The Premium Group of Comics. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

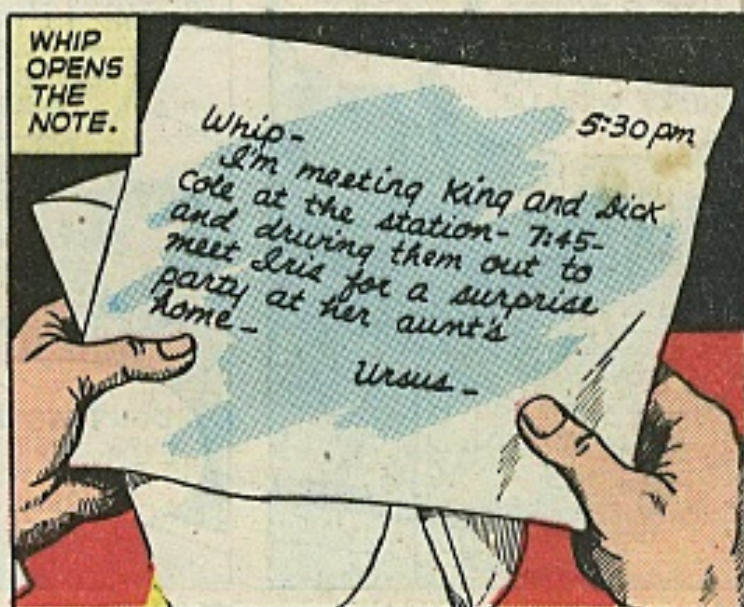
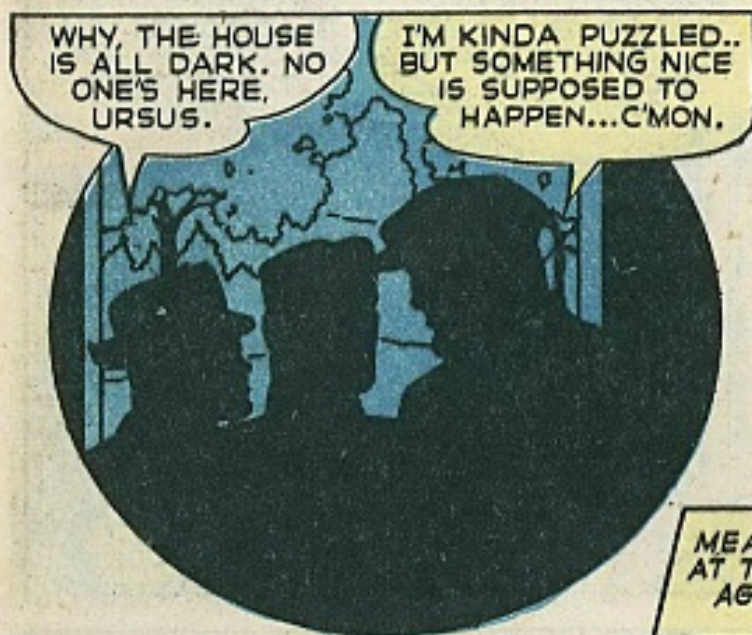
YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE

IN THE MEANTIME OUT AT MRS. MARSTON'S HOME.

WELL, SOAK MY SOCKS! WHAT KINDA PARTY IS THIS? WHERE'S EVERYBODY, ANYHOW?



SURPRISE!



INTO THE DINING ROOM, MY GUESTS! WHEN THE SPADES THROW A PARTY ...AH!

WHY YOU-BLANKETY BLANK!

URSUS! YOU CAN'T FIGHT BULLETS!



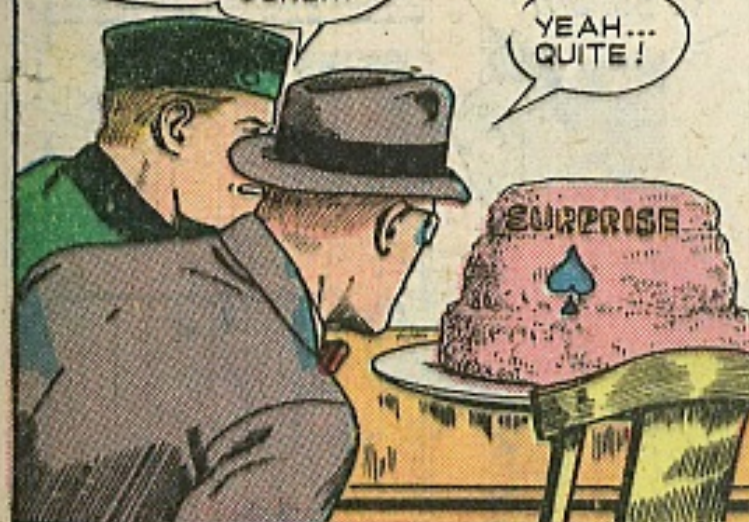
THE SPADE USHERS THEM INTO THE DINING ROOM...

SEE? WE EVEN HAVE A CAKE FOR OUR SURPRISE PARTY!



WELL, KING, QUITE A JOKER, THAT JOKER!

YEAH... QUITE!



STAND BACK, YOU TWO! GOOD! NOW, HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU, KING. I'LL PUT IT IN YOUR POCKET..SO!

A HANDKERCHIEF? WHY..UH..THANKS.



YOUNG KING COLE

AS 8 STUFFS
THE HAND-
KERCHIEF
INTO KING'S
POCKET...

WHEW! WHAT
KIND OF PERFUME
IS ON THAT
HANDKERCHIEF?

PHEE-DO!
I DON'T
KNOW, BUT
IT SURE
IS STRONG!

SNIFF
SNIFF!

SNIFF!



NO COMMENTS, YOU TWO! NOW
STAND OVER IN THAT CORNER!
ALL OF YOU! KING, YOU
STAND IN FRONT!

AH-HH!



WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT
ANYHOW?

I DON'T KNOW,
URSUS. IT'S A
BUILD UP FOR
SOMETHING!

YEAH! AND
WHY THIS
REEKING
HANDKERCHIEF.
SNIFF, SNIFF,
WHEW!



THE 8 OF SPADES CALLS OUT LOUDLY...

ALL SET, JOKER!
I'M OPENING THE
DOOR! HERE
WE GO!



AND FROM UP THE HALL, A SHRILL VOICE
ANSWERS...

ALL READY,
8! OPEN THE
DOOR!



THE DINING ROOM DOOR IS FLUNG WIDE TO
REVEAL...

OUT, MY PET!
YOU'VE WORK
TO DO. OUT!

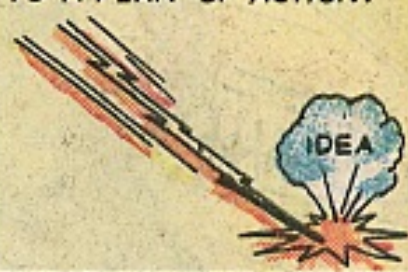
SNARL!



YOUNG KING COLE



AT SIGHT OF THE CHARGING FURY, KING COLE'S LOGICAL MIND, WITH LIGHTNING RAPIDITY DEDUCES THAT THE VIOLENT SCENT ON THE HANDKERCHIEF IS A LURE WHICH THE BEAST, ACE, HAS BEEN TRAINED TO FOLLOW...AND ATTACK THE BEARER. HIS BRAIN SPEEDS TO A PLAN OF ACTION!



YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE



THE ROAR OF
THE POUNCING
BEAST WARNS
DICK...

GRR-GRR-RAR!



OOOH! THE ACE!
NO TIME TO
RUN!



GRRRAH!

THE ACE IS IMPALED ON THE SPEAR AND
DICK AND THE BEAST CRASH TO THE FLOOR...



BZZZ!

WHEW! WHEW!
THE ACE IS DEAD...
GOSH!

URSUS
RUSHES
IN...

SWIPE MY SHIRT,
BUT YOU TOOK A
CHANCE, DICK!

THEY'RE
BOTH DEAD,
URSUS. WHERE'S
KING?

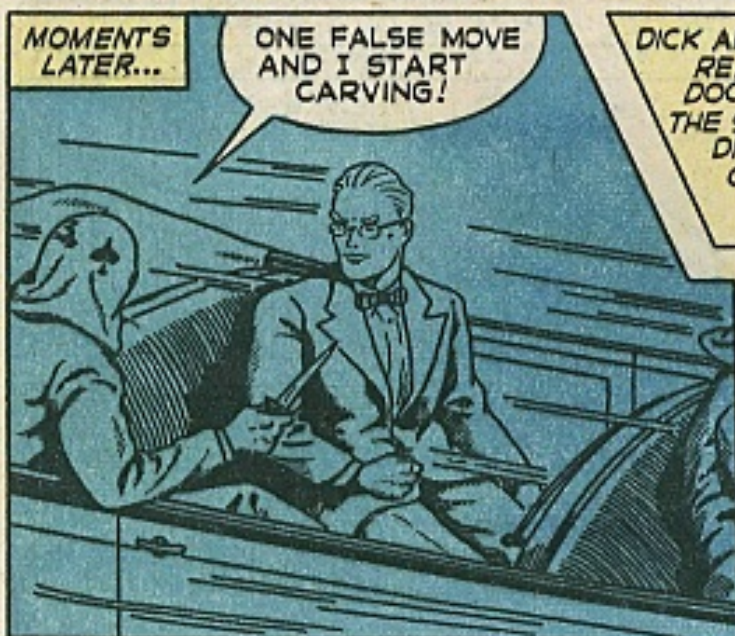


WHY, IT'S FUNNY HE ISN'T HERE! HE RAN
AFTER YOU THROUGH THE HALL WHILE I
CAME IN THROUGH THAT DOOR. WE
BETTER LOOK FOR
HIM, DICK.

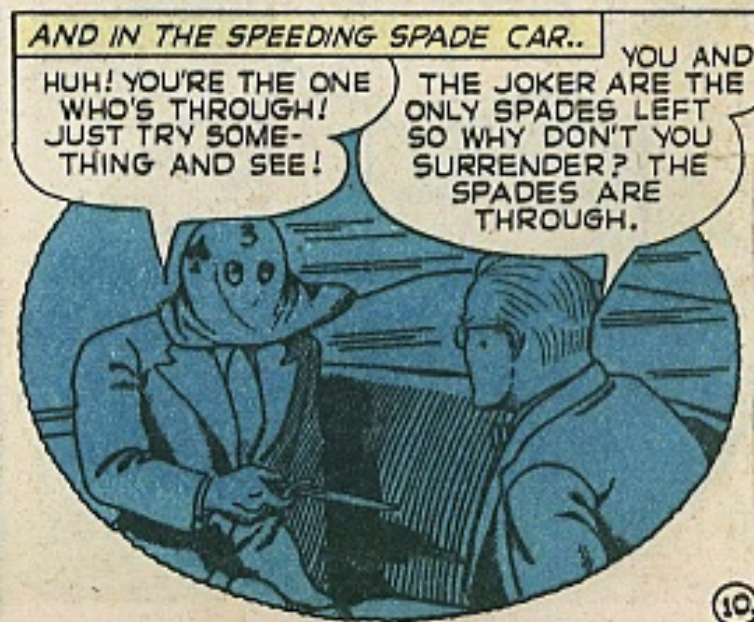
YES. ACE AND 8
ARE DEAD, BUT
THE 3 AND
JOKER ARE
LEFT...



YOUNG KING COLE



DICK AND URSUS REACH THE DOOR AS THE SPADES DRIVE OFF.



YOUNG KING COLE

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, KING ACCEPTS THE SPADE'S INVITATION...



YOU CAN'T WIN, FOOL!

AND NOW TO RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR GUN!



KING REMOVES 3'S HIDDEN GUN AND FORCES HIM TO LIE DOWN ON THE FLOOR OF THE CAR...

NOW, I'LL FIND OUT WHO THE JOKER IS!

3! WHAT'S UP BACK THERE? EEEK! LET GO OF MY HOOD, YOU FOOL!



OFF COMES THE HOOD...TO REVEAL...

HOLY CATS! A WOMAN!

YOU'LL DIE FOR THAT, COLE!



AND, AT THIS MOMENT, SOME QUARTER OF A MILE AHEAD OF THE SPEEDING CAR, A DRAWBRIDGE BEGINS TO RISE TO PERMIT THE PASSAGE OF A BOAT...



STOP THIS CAR, JOKER! THE DRAWBRIDGE IS GOING UP! YOU'RE TRAPPED!

HA! HA! HA! THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



AND IN THE PURSUING CAR...

WHIP! LOOK AHEAD! A DRAWBRIDGE IS GOING UP! THEY'LL HAVE TO STOP! WE GOT 'EM, WHIP!

RIGHT, DICK! WON'T BE LONG!



YOUNG KING COLE

BACK TO THE JOKER AND KING.

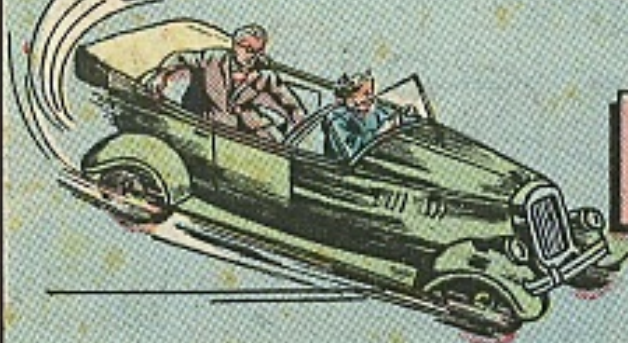
JOKER! STOP, YOU MANIAC!
STOP! YOU'LL KILL
US ALL!

HA!
HA!

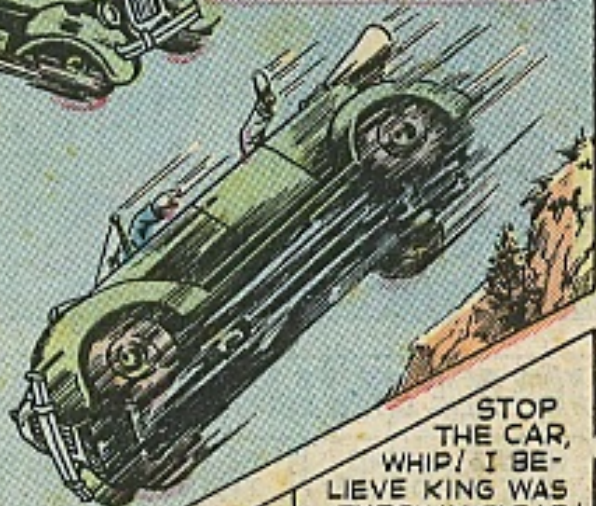


20 YARDS FROM THE DRAWBRIDGE, THE JOKER SWINGS THE
STEERING WHEEL SHARPLY...

SCREECH!



AND HURLING
THE CURB, CRASHES
OVER THE STEEP
BANK...



STOP
THE CAR,
WHIP! I BE-
LIEVE KING WAS
THROWN CLEAR!

AND 300 YARDS BEHIND...

WHIP ME, BUT THIS
IS AWFUL...AWFUL!

OOH! THEY'RE PLUNGING
INTO THE RIVER! POOR
KING! HE HASN'T A
CHANCE!



DICK HOPS FROM THE CAR AND SLIDING
QUICKLY DOWN THE STEEP BANK...

KING! THANK HEAVEN
YOU'RE IN ONE PIECE!

I'LL...I'LL BE
OKAY IN..A..FEW
MINUTES...DICK.



DICK AND KING STARE
SOMBERLY INTO THE WATER
BELOW THEM...

THEY'RE AT
THE BOTTOM
OF THE RIVER,
KING...GONE..

THE SWIRL
OF THE
WATER IS
A REQUIEM
FOR THE SPADE
GANG, DICK.

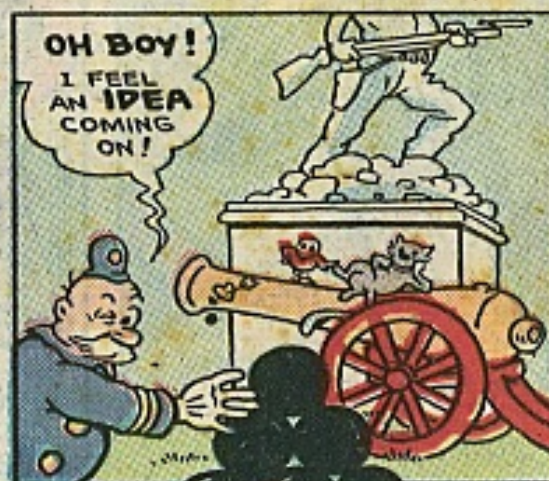


SO THE CURTAIN
RINGS DOWN
ON THE JOKER
AND THE SPADE
GANG, APPARENT-
LY FOREVER!



NEXT TIME
ANOTHER EX-
CITING STORY,
COMPLETE IN
ONE ISSUE.

"PEPSI" ... THE PEPSI-COLA CO.



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GRAHAM HUNTER

TONI GAYLE



WHEN
BIFF MUGGSON
STARTS "THINKING"
THE GOOD NEIGHBOR
POLICY COMES CLOSE
TO BEING RUINED--
AND SO DOES
TONI!

ACAPULCO, WEST COAST PLAYGROUND
OF MEXICO--

PRETTY,
AIN'T IT!

SURE IS, BIFF, BUT
BEFORE RUBBERNECKING
I MUST SEE THE
AMERICAN CONSUL!

RUN ALONG, BIFF.
DIPLOMACY IS ONE
OF YOUR WEAK POINTS!

AW!
I AIN'T SO
DUMB!

U.S. CONSUL
MR. GREELY

EVERYBODY THINKS I'M
JUST A STOOPID MUG,
BUT I GOT BRAINS, TOO!

HOW



*BUT BIFF IS MORE CONCERNED IN
DEMONSTRATING HIS MASTER MIND.*



DO YOU



PANCHO TORTILLA--HUH!
I'LL NAB THAT COOKIE
EVEN BEFORE THE COPPERS
KNOW ABOUT THE KILLING!



TELL MISS GAYLE OF
THE MANANA HOTEL
TO MEET BIFF AT THIS
ADDRESS IN THIRTY
MINUTES--AND SHE'LL
LEARN SOMETHIN'
ABOUT DETECTING!

SI,
SEÑOR!



AS BIFF HURRIES TO PANCHO
TORTILLA'S HOUSE, PANCHO
RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF
THE 'CRIME'

RISE, LAZY DOG OF A MODEL!
I LEAVE YOU TEN MINUTES
AND YOU SLEEP
LIKE THE DEAD!



THERE! YOU LOOK JUST
AS DEAD WITHOUT THE KNIFE!
BUT I MUST HURRY WITH
MY MURAL!



MY HEART WILL BLEED
UNLESS THE FESTIVAL
JUDGES ACCLAIM MY
MURAL AS BEST!



THEN START BLEEDING,
PANCHO! YOU HAVE
NEVER YET WON A
THING FOR YOUR
PAINTING!



MEANWHILE, TONI RECEIVES BIFF'S MESSAGE.

THANKS FOR THE
SAD TIDINGS, BUTCH.
GO BUY YOURSELF
A LOLLIPOP!



BIFF IS SURE TO GET
IN A MESS--IF HE
STEPS ON SOME BIG
SHOT'S TOES, THE
WHOLE TOWN MAY
GET INSULTED!

LIKE

TONI HURRIES TO TORTILLA'S HOME.

BIFF MUST BE
PROWLING ABOUT
SOMEWHERE!

PANCHO TORTILLA--ARTIST,
'EL TORO' TORTILLA--TOREADOR

YIPE! BIFF!
IS THIS THE WAY
TO SPREAD GOOD WILL?

PANCHO TORTILLA--ARTIST
'EL TORO' TORTILLA--TOREADOR

SSSSHH! YOU CAME
TOO SOON! I'M
STILL CASIN' THE
JOINT!

COME
DOWN
INSTANTLY!

BIFF KNEELS ON A LOOSE BRICK, AND
DOES COME DOWN INSTANTLY--ON THE
WRONG SIDE!

I GOTTA GET A
KILLER---OOOOPS!

GOOD HEAVENS! I'VE GOT TO
GET HIM OUT OF THERE
BEFORE HE CAUSES AN
INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT!

I'LL BE DOWN IN A
JIFFY, BIFFY!

NOW! WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT?

WE'LL
BE ALL ABOUT
IF THAT BULL
CHARGES!

TONI GAYLE?



WRITE

TONI'S RUSE TEMPORARILY BLINDS THE BULL!



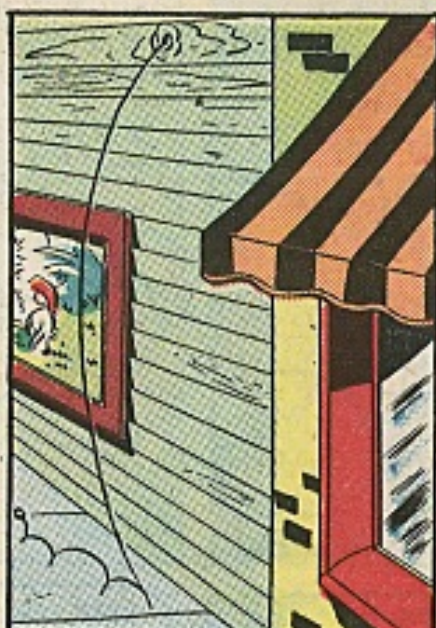
THE EDITORS



YOUR OPINIONS



ADDRESS ALL MAIL



TO

AMAZED. BIFF TUMBLES,
SPILLING TONI WITH HIM!

AWK

OOF!

HELP! THEY
HAVE LANDED
ON MY
PAINTS!

MY MASTERPIECE --
SHE IS RUINED!
I AM RUINED!

THE ART COMMISSION
WILL LAUGH AT ME!
I WILL SUE YOU!
EVERYBODY IN TOWN
WILL THROW MUD AT YOU!

ULP! BOOM!
GOES THE GOOD
WILL FESTIVAL!

THE COMMISSION/
I MUST HIDE
MY HEAD!

AND I MUST
USE MINE--
BUT FAST!

MY! WHAT IS--

WHAT A MAGNIFICENT
PIECE OF WORK! SO
ORIGINAL! SUCH USE OF
COLOR! SUCH IMAGINATION!

THIS MURAL WILL
START AN ENTIRE
NEW SCHOOL OF
ART! SUCH BRILLIANT
NEW TECHNIQUE!

HMMM...
MAYBE
SHE IS
RIGHT!

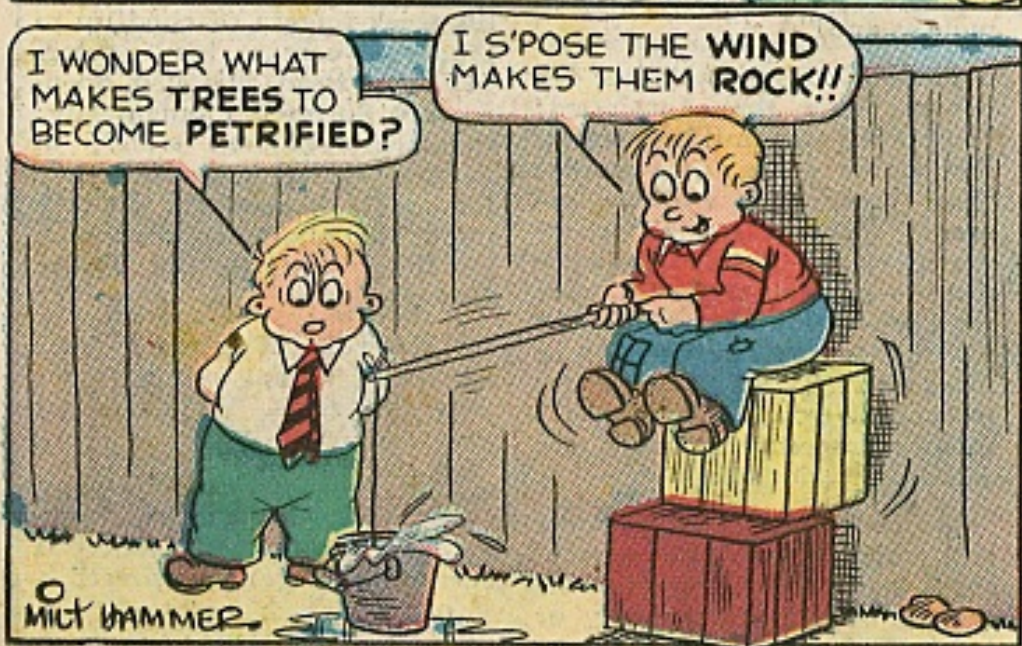
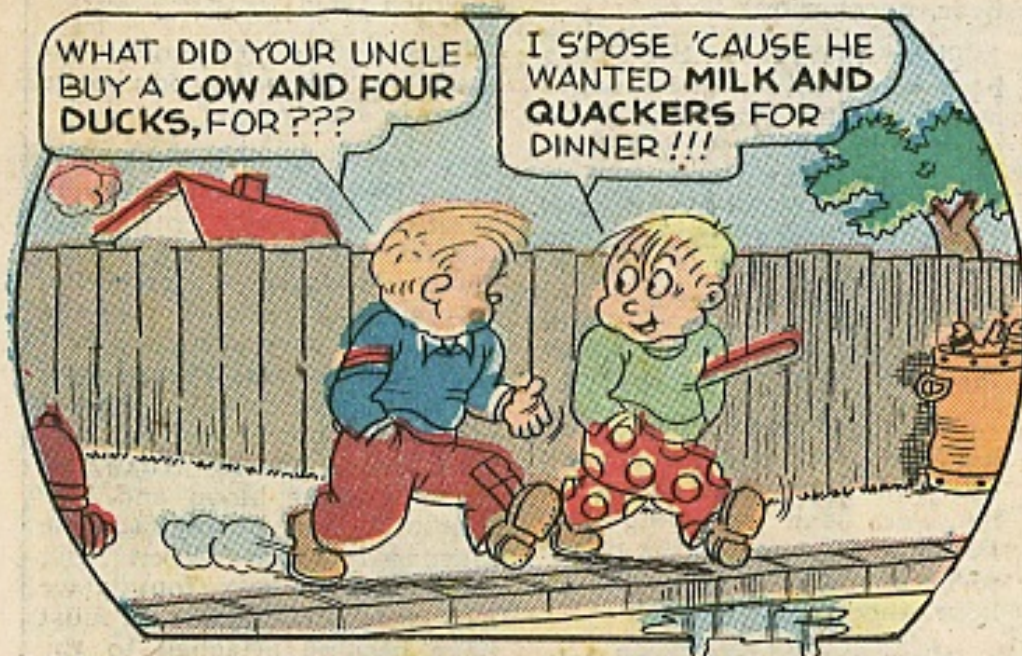
PERHAPS IT
REALLY ISN'T
SO AWFUL!

119 WEST 19th STREET



NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

YOUNG KING COLE



ed Ronson, in the same dirge-like tone. He turned around and indicated a creaky-looking chair while he walked past it and sat his own slight body on a nearby four-legged stool.

Big Pete braced his weight against a small circular table and sat down carefully. He thought quickly, cleared his throat and took special care for his voice to sound friendly and relaxed. "Why aren't you a little more friendly, Ronson? You're always keeping to yourself and don't seem interested in nobody else. Even when you come into my clubhouse for the political meetings. It's kind of against the law of human nature to act that way!" He leaned forward and tried to pierce his brilliant gray eyes through Ronson's dull brown ones. "Nobody would even know your name if you hadn't told it to the landlady here! Me," and Big Pete flicked the ash off his cigar carefully, "I know it ain't your real name at all!"

Then he arched his pudgy black eyebrows to give greater effect to the bluff.

Slowly, Romeo Ronson rose to his full five foot three and placed his hands on his hips. "I mind my business—so you mind *yours*!" That was all he said, but the venom behind the words dripped with meaning!

In quick rage, Big Pete leaped out of the chair. "Why, you shrimp! You can't talk to me that way. Nobody around here can get away with that stuff!" Big Pete swung out his left in a hammer-like blow aimed at Ronson's jaw, but the smaller man side-stepped with amazing swiftness for one so pallbearerish. The politician and local big shot hadn't noticed a tall soda bottle that was on the table, but, an instant later, he felt it crash down over his head.

A drowsy, dullish throb tingled his senses and a low groan escaped his thick, ruddy lips.

Then he crumpled to the floor, unconscious.

Three hours later, Big Pete's head was swathed in bandages and he sat in a heavy, red plush chair in the River City Hospital. At his left, three uniformed policemen watched him closely. In front of him, there were two men in dark suits and a white-frocked hospital surgeon.

But Big Pete didn't know this, yet.

"He's still unconscious," announced the surgeon, forcing open the heavy lids under the bandages and revealing Big Pete's glassy eyes. "He ought to be out of it in less than an hour, though!"

When the surgeon had left, Waters, the River City Police Commissioner, turned his attention to the slight figure of Romeo Ronson. "You almost killed him, Romeo," he chided. "If it weren't Big Pete, you might have to stand trial on a charge of assault and battery."

"A plea of self-defense would easily take care of that!" Romeo Ronson laughed in his inimitable hollow manner. "When I come to my next trial, Commissioner, I'll be there to testify against Big Pete! Right now, I have enough evidence to convict him of murdering the two truck drivers whose bodies we picked up after that \$100,000 robbery on Pier 84 three months ago!"

Romeo Ronson pulled at his left ear lobe, then continued: "Big Pete was mighty smart. But, to borrow his own words: '*You can't beat human nature!*' When I started to investigate the case, I quickly discovered that he had a wide reputation for knowing the past history of every person in his district. That's why I knew he wouldn't overlook mine if I quietly entered the scene and acted mysterious enough.

"It required plenty of time and patience, but I was certain that his curiosity about me would be piqued sooner or later. The important part of

my job was to get him alone—which I did!"

The Police Commissioner chuckled. "Then the soda bottle came in handy, eh?"

A wry, silent grin broke out over Romeo Ronson's wide mouth. "The soda bottle and the judo tactics that we private detectives study very carefully. As you may guess, I used the bottle for a very particular reason." The famous investigator coughed sepulchraly. "Microscopic examination of the driver's seat of the fur truck had revealed some blood and hair that did not belong to the murdered men. When Big Pete's watch was found, we had an important clue. It must have become attached to the driver during a scuffle. However, we needed corroborative evidence. That evidence was supplied by analysis of blood and hair from Big Pete's head—after I broke the bottle over it!"

"But, where are the missing furs? The people who engaged you for this job will want to know *that*!"

"If you'll send some members of your Safe and Loft Squad down to Big Pete's clubhouse cellar, you'll find them locked in a special vault that has probably been used previously for the same purpose!"

Big Pete began to stir and his thick fingers reached up to tenderly caress his aching, bandaged head. His eyes opened and fluttered momentarily; then they blinked widely in sudden recognition as they focussed themselves directly upon the short, somber man standing next to the Police Commissioner.

"Romeo Ronson!" he screamed, flailing out with his powerful arms. "When I get you—"

"Sorry, Big Pete," interrupted Romeo Ronson, in his sweetest and most ghostly tone. "It seems that I got you *first*!"

The End.

INSPECTOR KLOOZ

ARE YOU SURE THE HUNTING SEASON IS OVER, KLOOZ?

PING!

BANG!

ROW
ZUNG!

WHEN INSPECTOR KLOOZ GOES A HUNTING FOR BIG GAME IN THE VAST NORTH WOODS, HE LEARNS THAT A BLUEBIRD CLOSE AT HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH--SHOOTING AT YOU!!!

JCA

A HUNTING WE WILL GO--A GOING WE WILL GRUNT--ER, I MEAN, A BUNTING WE WILL SHOW--

BRINNGG!

I'M OFF FOR THE NORTH WOODS AND I DON'T CARE WHO'S CALLING ON THE PHONE!

HELLO! INSPECTOR KLOOZ, KING OF GUMSHOES SNEAKING, ER--CREAKING--I MEAN SPEAKING.

KLOOZ, THIS IS CHIEF VALENTINE AT HEAD-QUARTERS! WE NEED YOUR HELP!

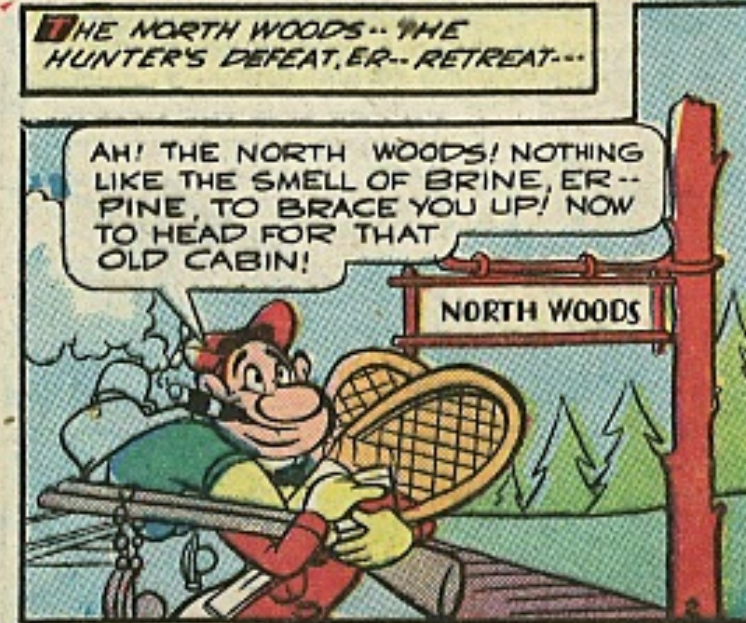
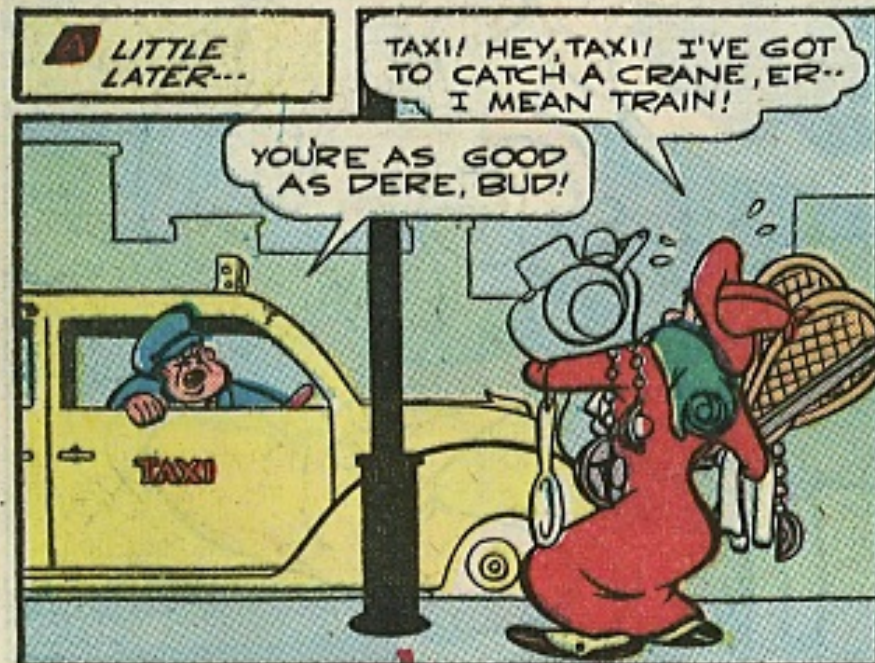
CLATTER

CLATTER

CRASH!

1

YOUNG KING COLE



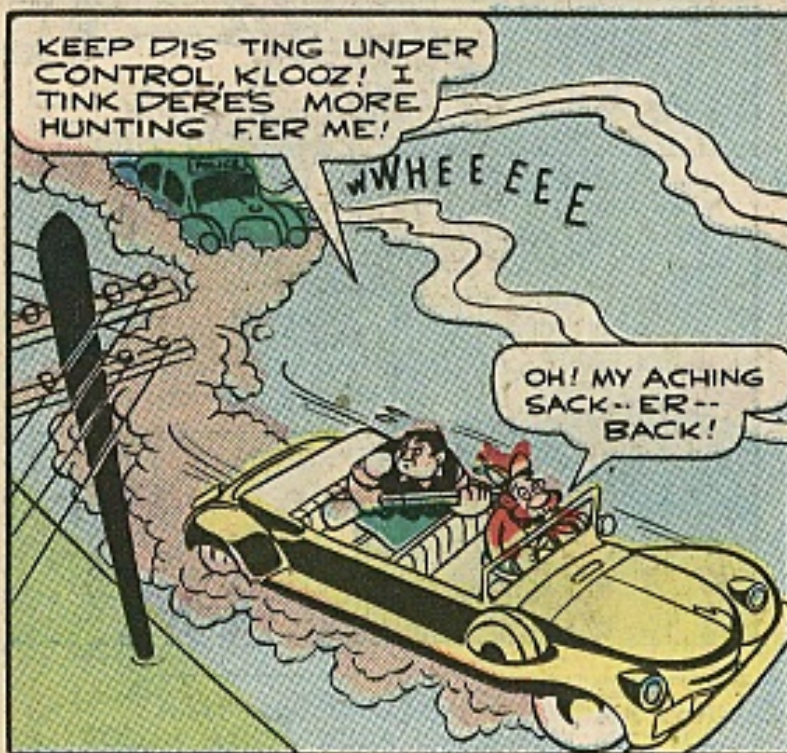
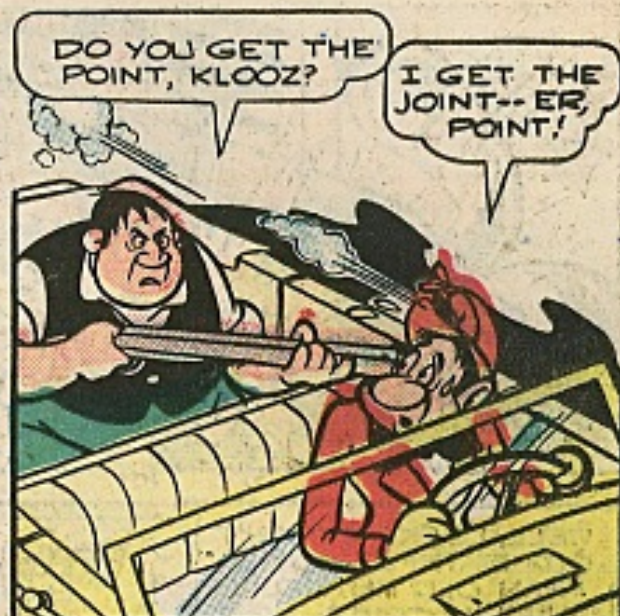
YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE



THE
END

YOUNG KING COLE

DR. DOOM

DRAWINGS BY
NINA ALBRIGHT



MASTER CRIMINOLOGIST, **DOCTOR DOOM**, NEEDS ALL HIS BRAIN AND BRAWN TO COPE WITH THE SHREWD CROOK WHO CONCOCTS THE CURIOUS, "CASE OF THE MISSING FALSE TEETH."

THE CITY AIRPORT...

HI, DOCTOR DOOM! ENJOY YOUR TRIP?

FINE, BOYS! I'M FULL OF PEP! READY TO RUN YOU RAGGED IN THE CLASSROOM!

LET'S WATCH A FEW PLANES COME IN!

THAT BIG ONE JUST LANDED FROM EUROPE!

GOLLY! THEY SURE ARE CLEARED BY THE CUSTOMS MEN IN A RUSH!

NATURALLY! THEY CARRY HARDLY ANY BAGGAGE!



YOUNG KING COLE



FLEET DOCTOR DOOM OUTSPEEDS BUZZ AND JERRY, BUT STUMBLES ON A STONE AT A CRUCIAL MOMENT!



YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE

WHILE I CONCENTRATE ON THE CASE, YOU BOYS BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON THE COUNT! SOMETHING'S MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT ALL THIS!

PROBLEM ONE... WHO IS THE THUG? ANY SUGGESTIONS?

ZEE PIG IS A STRANGER TO ME!

ME, TOO!

HE TALKED LIKE A THUG... YET, HE WORE A PHI BETA KAPPA KEY! YOU HAVE TO BE TOPS IN COLLEGE STUDIES TO MAKE THAT FRATERNITY!



WE'LL COMB THE CITY PAWN-SHOPS! OUR THUG MUST HAVE BOUGHT THE KEY AS A PIECE OF JEWELRY!

AFTER VISITING SEVERAL PAWNSHOPS, DOOM FINALLY GETS RESULTS!

YEAH! I SOLD SUCH A KEY TO A MUG CALLED RATFACE REETZEL! I'LL GIVE YOU HIS ADDRESS!



SOON, AT RATFACE REETZEL'S ROOMING HOUSE...

WHO'S DERE?

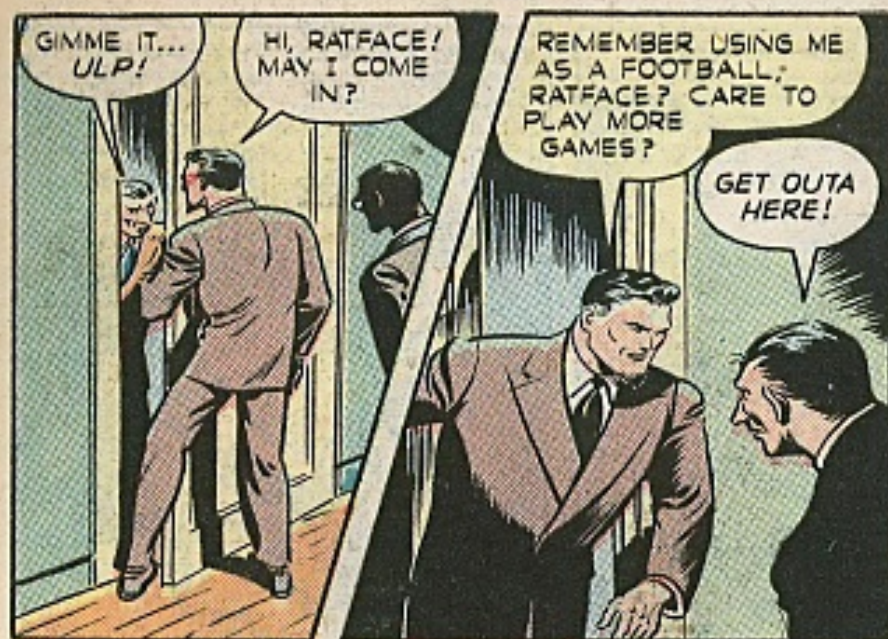
WESTERN UNION! TELEGRAM, SIR!

STAND BACK, BOYS! IF THIS IS OUR MAN, I HAVE A DEBT TO PAY!

KNOCK! KNOCK!



YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE

BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BEING
A
BOIGLAR
IS SUCH
FUN!

HERE COMES
A TRAIN NOW,
BOITRAM.

OKAY, EGBOIT, I
GOT DIS RACKET
LOINED POIFECT!

"HOW TO
BE A
DIP"

NOW, HERE'S DE WAY WE
WOIK IT, EGBOIT. YOU
JOSTLE TH' PROSPECT
TO ATTRACT HIS
ATTENTION, SEE,
WHILE I SNATCH
TH' WAD.

OKAY, WHO'S
TH' PROSPECT?

HEY, BOITRAM!
WHERE ARE
YA?

SOME HEEL
JUST STEPPED
ON ME!

CHEEZ,
BOITRAM,
ARE YA
HOIT?

NAW, HEY LOOKIT DAT
POISE TH' LADY'S LUGGIN'
SHE MUST HAVE A LOTTA
DOUGH TO NEED A POISE
DAT BIG!

OOPS! EXCUSE
ME SKOIT! DIS
TRAIN IS KINDA
JOIKY!

TO SAY
NOTHING
OF YOU,
YOU CLUMSY
OAF!

BOY! I BET
WE MAKE
A BIG
HAUL!

YOW! DIS
AIN'T NO
POISE!
-IT'S A
BEAR
TRAP!

SNAP!

OH-HO!

HULLY
CHEE!!

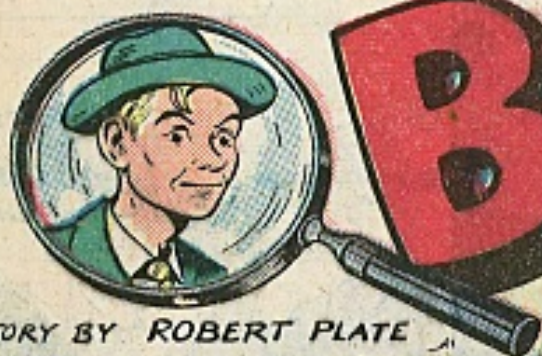
LET'S SEE...WOT
DO I DO IN
A CASE
LIKE DIS?

WHEEE! AT LAST
I GOT ME A
MAN!

HOW TO
BE A
DIP

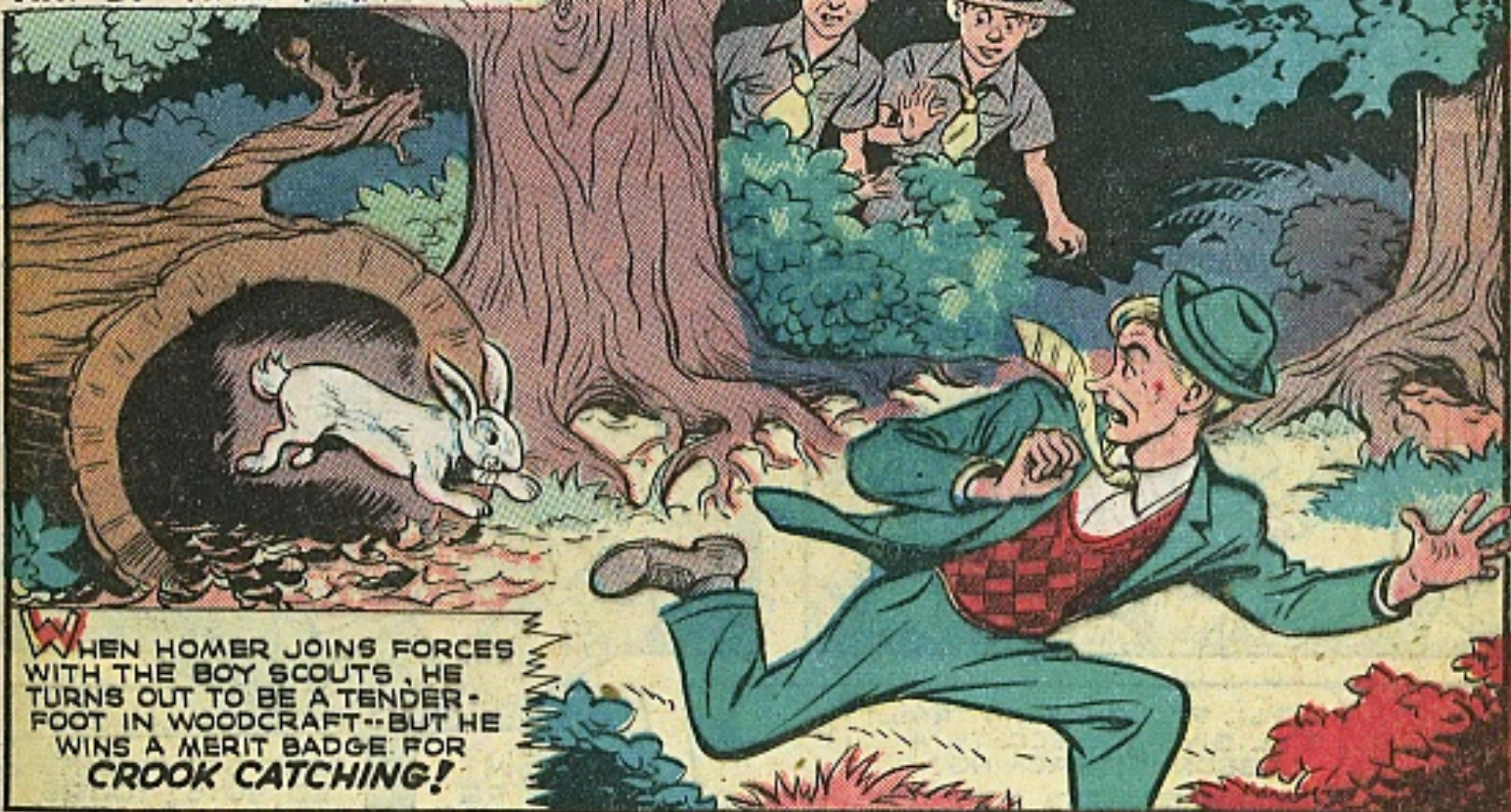
YOUNG KING COLE

Homer K. BEAGLE



The
DEMON DETECTIVE

STORY BY ROBERT PLATE
ART BY HARVEY K. FULLER



WHEN HOMER JOINS FORCES WITH THE BOY SCOUTS, HE TURNS OUT TO BE A TENDER-FOOT IN WOODCRAFT--BUT HE WINS A MERIT BADGE FOR CROOK CATCHING!

ARE YOU HOMER K. BEAGLE, THE FAMOUS MAN HUNTER?

ONE MOMENT, BOYS--CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?



GEE, WE WANT TO DO A GOOD TURN, BUT WE NEED A DETECTIVE'S ADVICE!

YEAH! MR. JEPGOT'S BEEN MISSING TWO DAYS NOW--AND SO IS \$15,000!

\$15,000! AND I THOUGHT THEY WANTED A DONATION!



MR. JEPGOT WAS TAKING A PAYROLL TO THE FACTORY! THE POLICE THINK HE WAS AMBUSHED AND KILLED!

LET'S GO, LADS! I'M ALWAYS WILLING TO HELP THE BOY SCOUTS!



YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE

SAY! THOSE TRACKS LOOK MORE LIKE A COW'S THAN A MAN'S!

RIDICULOUS! THAT PROVES YOU SCOUTS NEED MORE TRAINING!

THEY CAN'T BE MUCH FURTHER
GOSH!
WH-WHAT'S THAT?

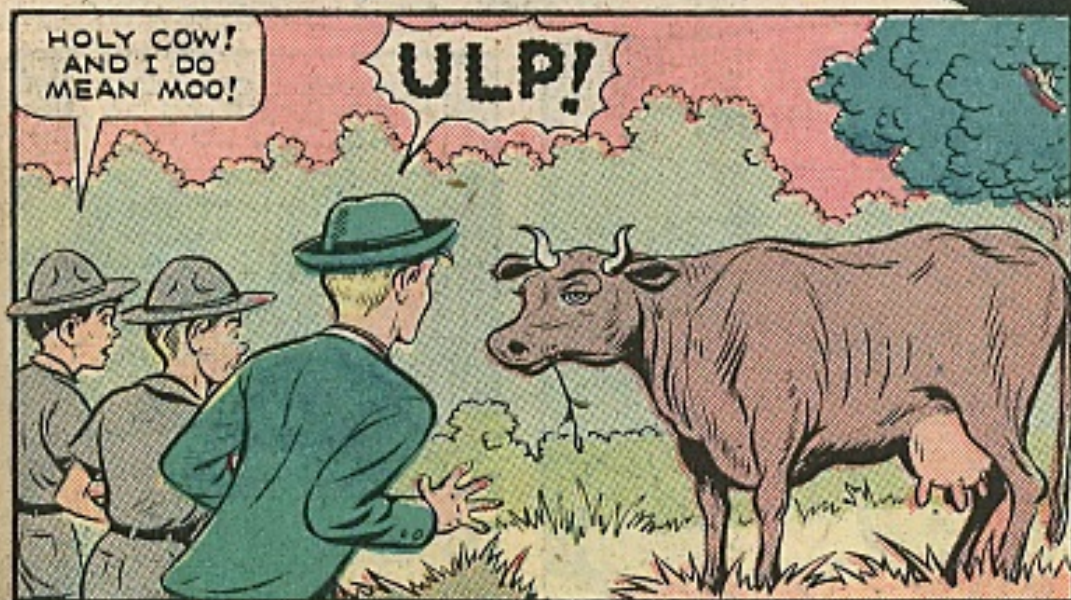
MOOOOO!



AND SO, THEY PUSH DEEPER INTO THE SWAMP, UNTIL ...

HOLY COW! AND I DO MEAN MOO!

ULP!



FINE THING! OUR TRACKS ARE BEING COVERED BY WATER--WE'RE LOST IN THE SWAMP!

RELAX, SCOUTS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



YOU TOOK CARE OF US--AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED!

JUST SIT TIGHT, BOYS! I'LL FIND A WAY OUT!



YOU BETTER! CHASING A COW WON'T LOOK SO HOT ON YOUR DETECTIVE RECORD!

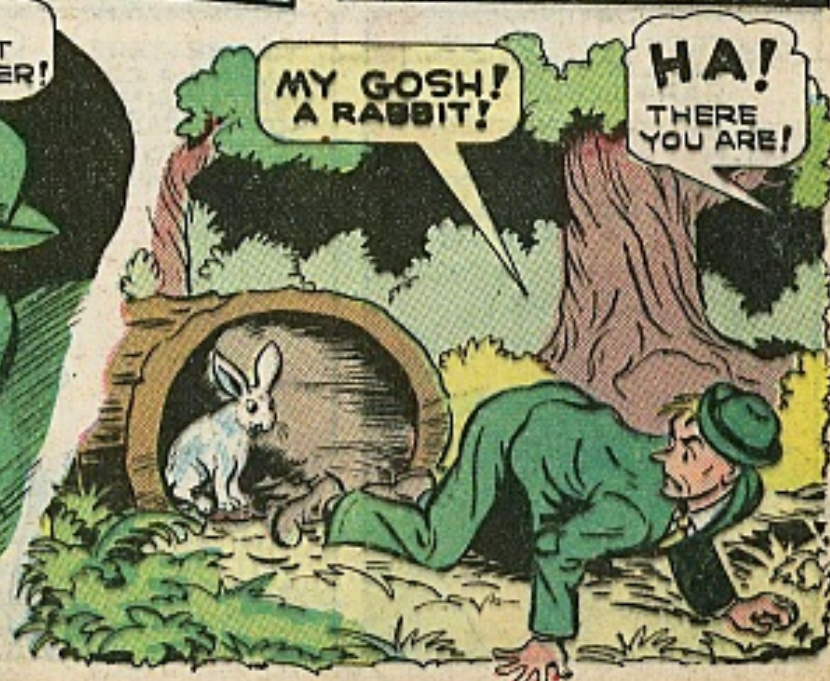
GOSH!... HE'S RIGHT! I'VE JUST GOT TO MAKE GOOD NOW!



YIPPEE!
CIVILIZATION!
HEY, THERE!



YOUNG KING COLE

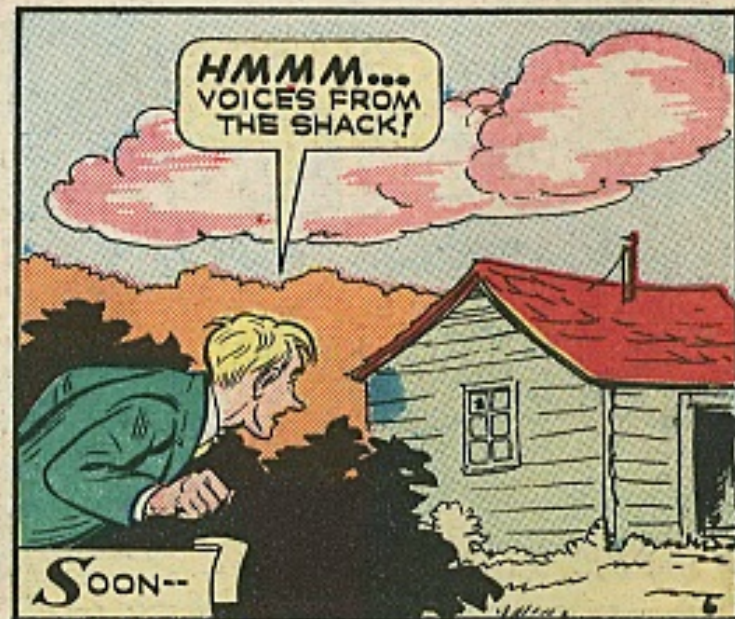


BUT INSIDE THE LOG, TWO BRIGHT EYES GLOW FIERCELY AT HOMER!

YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE



YOUNG KING COLE

I FAKED THOSE CLUES TO INDICATE I WAS ROBBED AND KILLED, SO I COULD KEEP THE PAY ROLL FOR MYSELF! DEAD MEN ARE NEVER SUSPECTS!



WHEN THE HEAT DIES DOWN, I WALK OUT WITH FIFTEEN GRAND! BUT FIRST I HAVE TO KILL YOU SPIES!



I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT BUSINESS IS BUSINESS!



YOU! IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DROWNED!

QUICK! GET HIM!



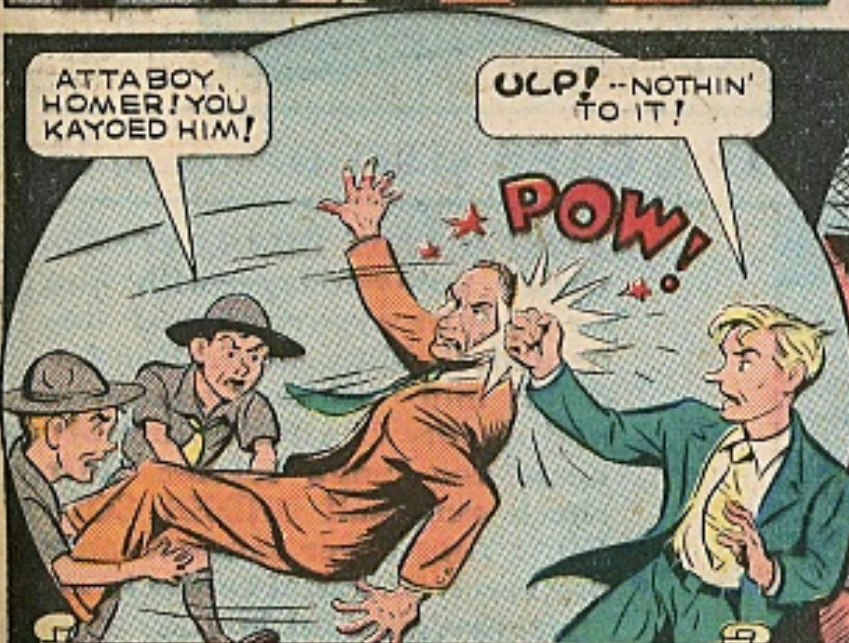
LOOK OUT!... HE'S FALLING ON ME!



ATTABOY, HOMER! YOU KAYOED HIM!

ULP! --NOTHIN' TO IT!

POW!



YOU CAME THROUGH THE PINCH, HOMER! YOU'RE ELECTED HONORARY SCOUT-MASTER!

UM--YEAH--OF COURSE!

WE'RE GIVING OUR SHARE OF THE REWARD TO THE SCOUT FUND! OF COURSE YOU'LL DO THE SAME, EH, HOMER?

DOGGONE IT! ALL THAT WORK FOR NOTHIN'!



HOMER THROWS OUT HIS HAND TO FEND OFF THE FALLING CROOK, AND....

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